

## PHILADELPHIA



## REPOSITORY,

AND

## WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.  
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, July 2, 1803.

*Romance of the Four Dervishes.*

A PERSIAN TALE.

(CONTINUED.)

*The Second Dervish's Story.*

"KNOW, O dervishes! that I am the son and only child of the king of Persia. My father, in hopes I should succeed him on the throne, had me nominated his heir in his life-time, and delivered into my hands the reins of government. Although I was then very young, the affairs of the empire flourished under my direction, and the happiness of my people was never neglected, whilst I enjoyed the pleasures and amusements which are natural to youth.

"Being extremely fond of the exercise of hunting, I once resolved to set out on a forty day's excursion for that purpose. My chief huntsman was ordered to get ready the tame panthers, hawks, nooses, nets, and other requisites of the chase, and the country people were collected from all quarters, to rouse the wild animals from the woods, and to surround them in some extensive plain. These orders having been properly executed, I proceeded to the place, and mounting my horse, rode on to a piece of rising ground, from whence I might have a better view of my attendants, who were employed in laying snares, and beating for game. On a sudden, I perceived at some distance from me, a most beautiful fawn, with a golden collar hung round its head, bells of gold fastened to its ankles, and gilt horns, cropping the herbage, and wandering about, fearless of any impending danger. Immediately I felt a strong inclina-

tion to have it caught alive; ignorant, alas! that fate had ordained it should be the cause of all the misfortunes I have since suffered. I called out to some of my attendants to gallop towards it with their nooses; but it eluded their utmost endeavours to catch it, and fled towards the place where I stood. I also had an opportunity of casting my noose, but to no effect, it escaped from me likewise, and took refuge in the adjoining woods. Thinking that perhaps our numbers were the cause of its shyness, I ordered my servants to desist from the pursuit, and determined to follow it alone. This deceitful animal no sooner perceived me approaching, than it ceased running, and began to graze, but upon allowing me to approach near enough to throw my noose, it instantly bounded away before me to a considerable distance. From the middle of the day until sun-set did I follow it in this manner over hills and dales, till at last my horse was quite spent, and my own patience entirely overcome. In a fit of anger, I seized my bow, and fitting an eagle-feathered arrow to the string, aimed at, and pierced the provoking animal in the side. Though wounded, it continued to run, and made towards a large mountain that lay in the neighbourhood. Upon reaching the middle of this mountain, it suddenly disappeared from my view. Thinking that it had dropped, I proceeded to the place, and alighted from my horse in order to search for it. My search, however, was to no purpose, I could not discover where it lay, and night was coming on so fast, I was almost overtaken in total darkness, when upon the side of the mountain, I discovered the mouth of a cave with a few trees. Going up to the spot, with the intention of passing the night there, I found, to my extreme joy, a small rivulet of water, which was more grateful to me

than even the water of life was to the prophet Khyzr. I sat down by the banks to wash my hands and feet, and was musing upon the adventures of the day, when my attention was roused by the sound of a human voice from within the cave, complaining and lamenting in these mournful words: "Alas! beloved companion and affectionate friend of this wretched heart! alas! alas! what barbarous man has treated you in this cruel manner, and cast from his eyes the fear of God? Oh, may he never know the benefit of a friend, nor enjoy the comfort of a sympathising partner in the time of distress!" Affected by these words, I entered the cave, and discovered an old man with a white beard and mustachios, dressed in black like the christian monks, weeping over the wounded fawn, which he was caressing and holding in his arms. I made him a salute, which he politely returned, and began to apologize for my intrusion: "Alas! afflicted father," said I, "the unhappy cause of your grief stands before you; yet let me hope for your pardon, when I tell you I was unconscious at the time of what I did." He replied, "Young man, may God pardon you all your errors, as I forgive you this."

"Dervishes, by the old man's assistance, I extracted the arrow from the fawn's side, and bound up the wound. He then set before me what victuals he had, with which having satisfied my hunger, the fatigues of the day overpowered me, and I lay down, and slept in tranquillity.

"In the interior of this cave were four recesses, one of which was concealed from view by a curtain suspended before it. Happening to awake about midnight, I heard the old man, from behind that curtain, speaking in a mournful voice, interrupted with tears and sighs; and upon listening more attentively, I distinguished the following words:

'Oh, heaven! how long shall my eyes flow with blood? Have compassion upon my afflicted heart.—My days, through grief, are become black as night; my hands are deprived of power; I am faint and helpless. Lamentations are of no avail.—What shall I do?—I am consumed! I am consumed!—What shall I do?

'At last, oh heart of stone! show mercy unto me.

'Oh, cruel promise-breaker! show mercy unto me.

'My heart is dissolved in blood by the sword of thy indifference:

'My eyes overflow like the river Tigris.

'Let those lips but pronounce one word.

'If you do not listen to me, from whom can I have redress?

'The continual employment of my life is, night and day,

'Tears and sighs and groans and lamentations.

'Bestow one look on your wounded victim;

'Bestow one thought on this heart you have broken.

'Comfort me at once by a word of kindness.

'Free me from distress and pain and grief.

'—Almighty God! this world is an irksome prison to me. I swear, by thy glory, I have lived in it enough.

'Either grant that my beloved be my companion, or deliver me at once from the burden of life.'

'He then stopped to respire a little, and again continued.

'However impressive my complaints may be, what effect can they have upon a heart of stone?

'Astonished at these words, I went up to the curtain, and drawing it gently aside, looked in. I perceived a throne raised from the ground, and covered with fine cloth, upon which was sitting a most beautiful woman, dressed after the European fashion. Her feet were stretched out from her, and the miserable old man was rubbing his forehead upon them, bewailing her cruelty in the most moving terms; whilst she, intoxicated with the pride of her beauty, never once deigned to cast a look upon him.

'Dervishes! the sight of this lady at once deprived me of reason; I gave an involuntary scream, and fainted away. Upon recovering, I found myself laid on a couch, and the old man sprinkling water on my face, and exclaiming with tears in his eyes, 'Every unhappy wretch, who, like me, has fallen a victim to love, is more wretched than I, and deserves compassion.' 'O thou cruel

deceiver and imposter!' I cried, 'tell me who this paragon of beauty is, her name and lineage, from what garden thou hast plucked this rose, and from what river's bank thou hast stolen this lovely cypress plant.' He replied, 'Enquire from herself.' Uncovering my head, I went towards her, and said: 'I approach thee with my head uncovered, after the European fashion. I am an European beggar, thou the queen of Europe.'

Making no answer to this, I continued:—'O thou fair as the moon, with forehead like Venus, and cheeks like the rose, altho' scorn and neglect be the practice of beauties, yet it should not exceed certain bounds: my life is at your service, and if that old man has given you cause of offence, only say the word, that I may punish him as he deserves.' Still I received no answer, nor could all my entreaties move her in the least. Approaching nearer, I threw myself on the ground, and rubbed my forehead on her feet. A sensation of pain instantly followed; and by a closer view I discovered that this adorable creature was made of stone, and that her bewitching form owed all its attractions to the inimitable skill of the sculptor. 'Ah!' cried I, a deep sigh bursting from my breast, 'what do I see? I have lost my heart to a stone image, and for ever opened upon myself the gates of trouble and distress.' Then turning to the old man, I exclaimed, 'Ah, vile seducer, black-hearted villain, base enchanter, father of deceit, and inventor of wiles! this has all been a concerted plan to ensnare me, and make me become a worshipper of idols!'

'Hot-headed youth,' said he, smiling at my reproaches, 'would to God you had never set foot in my dwelling!—alas! it is long since I have desired never more to see a human face!' 'Well may you say that,' cried I, 'now that I have fallen a victim to your snares, and that your prayer yesterday, has, I fear, too well succeeded; but, for the sake of God let me beseech you to have compassion on my tortured heart, and relieve my afflicted soul, by telling me where you saw the original of this statue, why you have withdrawn yourself from society, and what the cause of your worshipping this idol.' 'My son,' he replied, 'the tale is neither fit to be told nor heard; I advise you, for your peace of mind, to forget what has happened, and think all that has passed is a dream.' 'This,' said I, 'is impossible; I am resolved never to quit you until I have learned the whole. What shall I do, alas! who have lost my religion for ever! I am undone! I have fallen in love with an idol of

stone! Tell me, then, I beseech you, who this rose is, whose intoxicated nightingale I am become, and of what banquet is this taper, whose devoted moth I am become?' 'Alas! my son,' said he, 'the matter of thy love is not a matter of play—sport not with love, for it is not a matter of play.'

Notwithstanding all he said, I still insisted upon an explanation of what I had seen and heard, telling him, that it was all to no purpose refusing my request, for that until my curiosity was satisfied, he should never know repose. Perceiving me obstinate in my purpose, he bid me listen then, but forewarned me that the recital would prove to me the cause of much affliction.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

SIR,

I HAVE the misfortune to be one of those beings, who having passed the prime of life without connecting themselves by the bonds of matrimony, are, by way of distinction, called by the men "Old Bachelors;" but who receive an embellishment from the women expressive of dislike, such as *fiuty, queer, &c.* It is a hard case, Sir, that a man should be punished for that which he cannot help, and rallied by those whose volatile manners and thoughtlessness are the original cause of his disgrace; and whose envenomed wit with envenomed shafts, have driven like myself from the field of courtship, many a modest worthy man: and that it is a disgrace would appear evident from what we daily see. No sooner is the poor Old Bachelor beheld, than something peculiarly comical or eccentric is observed in his appearance, though existing no where but in the imaginations of those, who either have not had, or expect to have their early hopes blasted, and their latter days chilled by the cold neglect of the world. He who wishes to come off tolerably well, must observe to have every item of his dress made agreeably to the fashion, and kept in proper order. If the wig should be a little awry, or the cock of the hat not as exactly in the middle as the needle of the compass points to the pole,—he is an *Old Bachelor*. If the coat, or any other part of the apparel is missed in the cut; if he walks rather sedate; if the cheek already shows its furrowed line,—all this sufficiently demonstrates that the object in question is an *Old Bachelor*!... And, is it possible it has come to this! did ever *Thomas Bashful, esq.* expect to see himself thus in disrepute! Did he ever anticipate other than happy days



and pleasing events when seated by the side of Miss *Susannah Prim*? I answer with a melancholy, No!—That it should eventually prove otherwise, is as great a mystery to me as that my handsome sky-blue coat, red vest, and superfine green breeches, in all the flush of *uniform* appearance, should not have rous'd each latent spark within the female breast.

It is a painful reflection, that with natural gifts, and no contemptible share of knowledge, I should persist in a courtship of TEN tedious years, and when on the point of carrying off in triumph the object of so long a siege, behold, in the words of—of Shakspeare, —no! I'll give you my own:

An am'rous beau, whose golden riches prest,  
Most lamentably o'er his aged breast,  
Besought her hand to bear the cumbrous weight,  
And share the burthen in connubial state;  
Love for a while kept up a doubtful strife,  
Till out of *pity* she became his wife.

Seeing myself baffled in this first step towards the altar of Hymen, I had not the courage to attempt a second; but abjuring the company of the sex, led a solitary and not very happy life. In this manner many years have passed on, the frost of age silvers my locks, and though arrived to that period in which the passions are cooled, yet the natural gallantry of my disposition, like the bended bow, returns with a renewed spring to its former pursuits. Yet I believe the greatest reason that induces me to wish an alteration in my condition, is to free myself from the drudgery of household duties. They have ever been the greatest difficulties to habituate myself to, and are both by nature and custom considered as the peculiar province of women, and which they take care to remind us of whenever we enter their culinary dominions.

Though from necessity I practise these duties, yet nevertheless have not, after many years, become expert in them. This I must testify from woful experience; for the consequence of my dexterity has been innumerable burns, scalds, bruises, &c. to which might be added, doctor's bills without number. Frequently, in attending to the cookery, the kettle cants over, parboils my lower extremities, and brings in the doctor as an auxillary, not to mention the loss of my breakfast or supper.

Yes, Sir, the vexations attendant on the blunders unavoidably committed in this unnatural capacity, affect me more or less every day. From the talent I possess of reasoning scientifically upon the most common things, it will not appear wonderful that in preparing my provision over the *fire*, I should reason within myself upon an element whose

nature and power is so great; yet the consequence is, that forgetting what I am about, my fingers' ends receive a very practical demonstration of its nature and effects—the cakes are probably burnt—the fire goes out—a whiff of smoke drives me out from pots and kettles, to seek a shelter in another room—the tea is either boiled with the coffee, or the coffee with the tea,—the cats drink up the milk, and the mice purloin the sugar.

This is a fair statement of my wayward fortune. Had I not been so bitter against the whole sex, I might have obviated the want of a wife, by procuring an house-keeper; but I freely confess, that the troubles I for a long time underwent, and still expected to endure, were considered as trifles compared to the company of one of that deceitful sex. But I am not ashamed to own, that time, which frequently works miracles, has softened the temper of my heart, and so mellowed what was before stubborn, that if possible I am now more susceptible of the soft power than I ever have been before. A certain widow lady, whose demeanor is most engaging, has taken up her residence in an house which is opposite to my study. We have had several exchanges of amorous looks. For my own part, I have had serious thoughts of tendering my pretensions; yet when I take a retrospect of former times, can hardly be cautious enough; which brings me to the conclusion of a tedious epistle, the intention of which was to give your correspondents a general view of my affairs, with the desire of being advised by them. Should any be so good as to honour me with an answer, and above all, should that answer prove favourable to my wishes, there will soon be an end to the signature of

THE OLD BACHELOR.

#### ANECDOTE.

TWO waggoners travelling different ways, happened to meet at a place where the passage was so narrow as to render it difficult passing each other; a dispute consequently arose who should turn out of the road to let the other go by. One of them roared out, "If you do not turn out immediately, I'll serve you as I did the other fellow just now." This address had the desired effect; the other expecting to have some disagreeable trick served on him, should he disobey, immediately turned his team to one side of the road; but as his opponent passed him, he desired to know how he had served the other man.—"Why, (said he) the stubborn rascal swore he would not turn out for me, and so I turned out for him!"

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

#### TO PHILO-MISOGAMIST.

SIR,

TO the most superficial reader of your friend "Misogamist's" piece, the futility of his arguments must be obvious. But, that you might no longer have it to say, that "the arguments he has advanced have not been refuted," and that *he* might no longer have this as an excuse for not making a reply to his opponents, I determined to investigate the truth of his arguments. I little thought my task would have been so easy; for, upon turning to his piece, I found, instead of the arguments you mention, "assertions without proof," and instead of reasoning, "declamation without argument;" as where he *asserts*,—that tho' the preference is given to matrimony, it ought undoubtedly to be given to celibacy; that the women are *vain, capricious, petulant, and deceitful*; and that the connection with such *fiends*, is *hell* upon earth; that they have *no souls*; that their conduct is merely the *effect of passion*.—But, if I were to enumerate all the *unproved assertions* that are in his piece, I should produce a true copy of it.

I shall content myself, therefore, with mentioning those only which I suppose you would call *arguments*.—When he says, that "as every thing that is new delights the mind for a season; so may a wife;" this is incontrovertible: but, when he endeavours to prove, by the simile of a favourite air played on a musical instrument, that "as *any thing* becomes familiar it becomes disgusting," this is drawing an universal conclusion from a particular proposition, which is contrary to the rules of logic.

He next complains of the expence attending a family; but it is certainly not so great as that attending debauchery, "the natural consequence of" celibacy.

The concern arising from the accidents to which children are exposed, is certainly more felt by the women than the men; and yet this is one of his arguments to prove that marriage is a misery to man, while it is an advantage to women!—Then follows a syllogism—

"Liberty is essential to happiness;

"But in marriage there is no liberty;

"Therefore in marriage there can be no happiness."

Here he takes the minor proposition for granted, which is by no means to be allowed.—"*Posito quolibet, sequitur quidlibet.*"

Then, after declaiming upon the advantages of celibacy, he concludes, by giving us at once a specimen of his *poetry* and *grammar*.

INVESTIGATOR.

To the Editor of the Philadelphia Repository.

SIR,

The many advantages of writing in short-hand are universally acknowledged; yet I do not recollect to have seen any proposals for extending these advantages to the art of printing. The following attempt of this kind is submitted to your consideration; and, if judged worthy, may be inserted in your entertaining Repository.

### A SYSTEM OF

### Short Printing,

Which will save at least two-thirds of the time and space taken up in common Printing.

I. LET the letters of the Roman Alphabet be employed to express the respective articulate sounds in the language they usually represent: only let the long s (f) always stand for the simple sounds, which, in our imperfect alphabet, are represented by the compound characters, ch, sh, ci, si, ti.

II. Let a few of those articulate sounds, whether simple or compound, that most frequently occur in the language, and are expressed by a combination of letters, be expressed by one of those letters inverted;

as,	cm	by	o
	fr	—	j
	ng	—	3
	th	—	u
	ject	—	f
	fl, vl, wl	—	l
	mmt	—	u
	thr	—	1
	st	—	j
	nt, nd	—	j
	vr	—	A
	wr	—	M

III. Let such articulate sounds only be expressed, as, with the connection in the sentence, may be sufficient to designate the word. Hence quiescent consonants need never, and vowels seldom be expressed. In long words, it will generally be sufficient to express a few of the incipient, or leading characters; subjoining a point (.), the usual mark of contraction.

IV. Where no ambiguity would take place, any word of frequent occurrence may be expressed by its initial letter, in the Italic character; or by that letter, the sound of which predominates in the word; as,

- a for a, an.
- b — be, been, by, but.
- c — can, could.
- d — do, does, doth.
- e — he.
- f — if, off.

G for God.

g — good.

h — each, which.

i — I, eye-s.

J — Jesus.

j — just.

k — keep.

L — Lord.

l — all, ill.

m — am, him, whom, may, me, my, mine.

n — in, into, no.

o — on, upon, one.

p — up.

q — question.

r — are, air, or, our, her, here, hear.

s — us, so.

f — she, shall.

t — at, it-s, to, unto.

u — under, out, who.

v — of, have.

w — we, with.

X — Christ.

x — except-ion.

y — ye, you.

z — as, is, his, has.

o — come, came.

f — for, from.

3 — thing-s.

q — the, they, thou, thee, thy, thine, that.

l — fill, full, will, well.

1 — there, their.

f — least, lest.

j — and, not.

A — very, ever-y.

M — were, where, word.

Any word thus expressed, by a single Italic letter, may, without creating the least ambiguity, be joined close both to the foregoing and following words; and thus several words may frequently be joined together, without any intervening spaces.

V. A word or phrase set in opposition or contrast to a foregoing word or phrase, may be expressed, with or without the connecting word, by the latter part of the parenthesis. For example, Genesis viii. 22, may be printed thus—

Wlqrq rnmq sdtm)eld)smr)da)jcs.

VI. A repetition of a word or phrase may be expressed by the hyphen (-), or in dash (—). Thus, Phil. iv. 8.

Fnlj brjn wisa)atru—nj—pr—ly—vgr  
prt)abny atuz—prs unkoys3.

VII. In a quotation from the Scriptures, or other well-known book, and in many other cases, the first part of the sentence, with the connecting word, will frequently be sufficient to suggest the remaining part; which, in such cases, may be omitted, and the apostrophe (') subjoined, as a mark of the omission. Thus, Rom. vi. 23.

q/wgsusnzdq8'

Mark xvi. 16.

Eyblvqzbptzd/svvd8'

VIII. Punctuation may be entirely omitted,—each sentence, and all proper names, beginning with a capital.

NOTE.—In writing, or preparing a piece for the press, to be printed according to the above scheme, inverted letters may be written invertedly; distinguishing the inverted *q* from the letter *y*, by making the latter with a loop or curve termination, and the former with a straight down-stroke: the inverted *f* and *f* may be distinguished from the erect in the same manner. Italics may be marked, as usual, with a small stroke under the letter.

It is evident that the above scheme is also applicable to writing, as well as to printing: and as it may be perfectly learned in a few minutes, and will require very little practice to write it with facility, it may, on these accounts, be preferred by many, to the common systems of short-hand. But then, as the marking of Italic letters, which stand for words, would take up too much time and attention, we must either forego the advantage of joining a number of words together, or the letters intended for words may be made somewhat different from the others, either in form or size; and then the words may be joined together as in printing.

Here follows an example, illustrative of the above scheme of Short Printing, from the Spectator, No. 247.

Wrtldsm nfi osySerts ws njretndloqneb  
awmnmymfjmstkn ws Aspfa Ienddaftm  
lkdoqrtyqmj prpr)qfml sx)qknquajs wddt  
cnsdr w)jydyrtre frsu)prlrs Tzbsdnpresm  
mnyqctk hl rs tgaony)dtm)boyt)noy)oi sx)qr  
mny m3 qmuctk hl rs tgaon3 Iennawm  
brn)mal3 xtmp. dsrt. o)eg3)aptct)ldrsrv)br  
k3alna cpnly fgrsortre Awmnm admt. t)pldu  
crts v jd. im prswd. qwd cryloqncv)brtgrt  
hts qntzyt arvd) Fnyodts q) Itmbb)prst)qs  
dbtshyqj ars m3yldsoy)Brf)ffry.

R. P.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### SEDUCTION.

#### A VISION.

\*\*\*\*AT the upper end of the garden I beheld a temple situated on an irregular rock; a range of well-wrought columns supported a rich cornice, on which was inscribed in capitals, VIRTUE.—A dazzling light hovered over the dome, and



shot forth in every direction, rays of the most brilliant lustre.

Within this edifice I saw a number of females, clothed in robes vying with the lily in whiteness; their serene countenances denoted their minds at ease, and that happiness was their constant guest. While wrapped in contemplation of this more than terrestrial happiness of the fair inmates of this noble building, I observed a youth coming from a thickly shaded walk, on the left of the temple. He was clad in a gay attire, a bold assurance spread itself over his countenance, and a smile played upon his lips. With a careless step he approached the temple, and stretching forth his arm to a lady within, gently drew her to the marble steps which descended to the walks of the garden. At first she hesitated to descend, but his persuasions, aided by the air of disinterested candour which he assumed, prevailed;—she suffered him to draw her arm within his, and (forsaking her happy companions) strayed along the wide and serpentine walk, which led, with a gentle declivity, to the bottom of the garden. The air was perfumed by the odoriferous flowers which bloomed on every side. The spreading branches of the trees were loaded with the most delicious fruits. Every thing around them wore a smiling aspect; yet the recollection of the peaceful home which she had abandoned, would at times cause a sigh to burst from her bosom. She would often cast “a longing, lingering look behind;” but her companion as often interrupted her view, by holding before her eyes, flowers of the most exquisite beauty, which he had gathered in their way.

While, with the most affable and winning manners, he pointed out to her the beauties of the surrounding scenery, he led her almost imperceptibly to a frightful precipice, that terminated the walk. A clump of flowering shrubs had hid it from her view, until her feet pressed its crumbling brink!—She shrunk back; but the youth seized her in his arms, and with a demon's smile, plunged her into the abyss beneath! The projecting cliffs were crimsoned with her blood!—I beheld her fair form dashing from rock to rock, until the dark cloud which rolled heavily along the gulf, hid her from my sight for ever.

The base deceiver, resuming his gay serenity, was returning to seek a second object, on whom to practise his hell-taught arts, when a cloud of celestial hue veiled the temple from his sight—the earth trembled—a flash of vivid lightning struck him to the ground—a wide chasm which opened beneath him received his blighted corse!!!

J. S. W.

### Small Talk,

NO. IV.

“Minime mirum,—enim, labor in venatu, sudor, famemes et sitis, condimenta defuerunt.”

#### BLACK BROTH,

SO called by the Lacedæmonians, was by them accounted a “very good thing,” and the most delicious part of their food.—Dyonisius, the tyrant, being invited to one of their entertainments, tasted it, and tho't it very insipid stuff; and told his mind to the person who made it; who said, “he was not surprised at his thinking so, as the seasoning was wanting.” “What seasoning?” replies the tyrant. “Fatigue in the chase, sweat, hunger and thirst,” adds the cook; “with these we season the provisions which compose our repasts.”

“Not theft, but discovery in committing it, was the crime.”

#### THEFT

Was not prohibited to the Lacedæmonian youth, but was even commanded by the laws\*. (Rollin says it was that particular kind of theft, which had nothing more in it than the name.) The boys crept dexterously and cunningly into the houses and gardens, and carried off what fruit and victuals they were able; if they were discovered, they were severely punished for want of skill; if, however, they were successful, they were rewarded by the elders. A lad one day stole a young fox, which he hid under his cloaths; on his way home, he went through the public square, and was detained among the citizens; he let the fox tear into his belly with its claws and teeth, without crying out, or in any way giving cause for suspicion, until he fell down dead on the spot; preferring this agonizing death to the loss of his *good name*, which would have been the case had the fox been found about him while he was alive. He was afterwards given as an example by the Lacedæmonian fathers to their children.

Concessit Palmam ingenio pudore.

PARRHASIUS and ZEUXIS

Contended for the prize of Painting—each painted a piece to determine the dispute.—Zeuxis drew grapes so very similar to natural ones, that the birds flew down

#### NOTE.

\* Lycurgus, the law-giver, framed the laws encouraging theft in the youths. His design was,—1st. To make the possessors more careful in locking up and preserving their possessions.—and. To make the boys more hardy and cunning, as they were all designed for both the field and cabinet.

and picked them. Parrhasius painted a curtain; Zeuxis, proud of having cheated the birds, with an insulting air desired him to draw aside the curtain, and show what he had drawn. He soon discovered his mistake, and yielded the palm to his rival, ingenuously confessing himself surpassed; for he only had deceived the birds; but Parrhasius had deceived him, as great a master in the art as he was.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

### The Contemplator, No. 8.

ALMOST all writers of periodical papers have prefaced their performances with accounts of their intentions,—on what subjects they mean to treat,—some describe their own persons and characters, and those also of their coadjutors; and all end in desiring correspondence. I, differing from all of them, introduced myself without preface or apology. The reason of this was, that I chose not to raise expectations (by great promises) which could not but be disappointed, without I received the assistance of persons of abilities and experience. Besides, I knew not whether I should ever proceed beyond two or three papers. It has been observed with truth, that performances of this kind, unless diversified by the assistance of different writers, soon become uninteresting, and (if the writer possess not an uncommon fertility of genius) disgusting. Had the far-famed SPECTATOR been written by one hand, even tho' that were a STEEL or an ADDISON, it would never have been so much admired as it justly is.

Periodical essays are well adapted to a publication of the nature of the Philadelphia Repository. If well written, they serve to diversify its pages, and render it more amusing to its readers. That the *Contemplator*, if properly assisted, would afford some amusement to its readers, is doubtless; without assistance it cannot be long continued to advantage. A work of this kind should be published with regularity; and that could not be done (singly) without converting what I undertook as an amusement, into a drudgery.

Seven numbers have appeared previous to this,—what opinion is entertained of them, I know not; perhaps none have thought them worth any opinion at all. The author is unknown, and his performances will soon, perhaps, be consigned to oblivion; whatever are their faults, his youth and inexperience must excuse them.

P. S. In inviting correspondence, I should be particularly flattered by that of the FAIR SEX, whose performances will please; tho' those of the gentlemen should lose their attractions. A female will please, her performances will be favourably received, as long as the world is pleased with all that is lovely, that is engaging, that can command esteem; and though writers are daily attempting to lower them in our good opinion, yet all their arguments are unavailing, and will ever prove so. A song, in the after-piece called Blue Beard, speaking of women, has these concluding lines,—every man of gallantry must heartily join in the wish expressed in them:

"Her smiles might the malice of devils disarm,  
"And the devil take him that would do her any harm."

PHILADELPHUS.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO PHILO-MISOGAMIST.

....."Hail, most learned sage,  
"Thou driv'ling puppy of this moral age!"

"YOUR production," or ribaldry, is absolutely so ridiculous; your remarks so vague and insignificant, so enveloped with idiotism, incrustated with buffoonery, and displays such false and roguish sentences, that stamps it to be the composition of a weak and giddy mind, and is "of all absurdities the most absurd."

I shall not point out all your effusions of seculent assertions, but shall only notice those, which appear to be the chief of your futile composition.

You say "that you have been induced to make your observations, from a persuasion that the Misogamist would not make a reply." Wonderful inducement this!—if a malignant puppy, who professes himself "A Misogamist," advances assertions (for they cannot be called arguments) the most atrocious, and upon reflection in his cooler moments, finds them such, and will not persevere in vindicating falsehood, (with which his piece abounds) you will assist him, and take upon yourself to defend that despicable part, which he has abandoned! Your temerity shall not go unrewarded.

To your remark that "Mentor" and "Olivier" have "made assertions without proof, and declarations without argument," I shall only observe, that truth needs no proof, nor declarations arguments, when opposed to chicanery and falsehood. Although such proof (agreeable to your chimera of ideas) would not be sufficient to convince a judge

or jury of your guilt, should your character be impeached; yet I am of opinion, that it is sufficient to convince an impartial public, at least of your impertinence. Hence, noble Sir, we also disregard your chattering, and condemn your dronish dioptrics as void of common sense.

You express surprise on his complimenting Philadelphia, by saying, "it is infested with libertines," but observe, "you need make no remarks, as it is barely an assertion." The examples, Sir, which you daily see, in the libidinous company you frequent, and the licentiousness you practise, (if we may judge from the warmth with which you vindicate libertinism) should be sufficient to convince you at least that it deserves the compliment.

In your observation on Mentor's assertion, that "methinks I see in a Misogamist, a man of the town, endeavouring to allure the virtuous female, &c. &c." or rather your farrago of absurdities, you endeavour to play upon his words, and shew an inconsistency, which I presume you would not have done, had you maturely considered the subject: although your real character may be worth attending to, yet if those are your real sentiments, they are unworthy a moment's consideration.

You lastly proceed to enquire, "what polish can be acquired in the society of illiterate, uninformed females, whose whole education, perhaps, consists in reading, writing, &c. &c.?" In this enquiry there is such a display of foolery, and such glaring intemperance perceptible, that it is too absurd for refutation, and too low for contempt.

But rather than enter into further altercation on your mingled mass of absurdities, I will allow you the merit of having received all the brightness of buffoonery, which the association with illiterate females is capable of giving.

But amidst all the honours you have gained, and trophies you have won, by your pulverized punctilio, (which deserves the highest panegyric) we have to deplore the melancholy ravages which the "maternal feelings of a Misogamist" have made on your polluted and disturbed imagination.

DICKY DASHER.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

PURSUANT to agreement, a considerable number of Young Gentlemen assembled at the sign of "Firm as ever," on the 27th inst.—MISOGAMIST was unanimously chosen chairman, and Philo-Misogamist, secretary. The chairman having assumed the chair, an eloquent and animated har-

angue was delivered in favour of Celibacy; which being concluded, the following resolutions were adopted:—

*Resolved*, That it is incumbent upon us, who are adherents to Celibacy, to support and maintain our opinions, against the advocates of Matrimony, who are publicly and privately inveighing against us;—and to endeavour, by every laudable method, to baffle any unfavourable opinions, which they have, or may attempt to impress upon the minds of others, respecting us.

*Resolved*, That a committee be appointed, consisting of three persons, who are in possession of information respecting "the character, name, and place of abode of Misogamist;" and that this committee sit during the morning of the 6th day of July next, at No. 40, Ubi-libet Street; there to wait for the committee appointed by the meeting at the sign of the "Case is altered;" which committee is requested to apply at the aforesaid place and time, if they are desirous of obtaining information which may be satisfactory to that meeting.

*Resolved*, That the committee (after having met the other committee) shall make report of their proceedings to this meeting; and that the meeting (having approved and adopted the report) shall invest said committee with power to act as they (the committee) shall deem proper; whether it be to attack the advocates for Matrimony, or to support and defend those of Celibacy, as occasion may require.

Accordingly, a committee was appointed; and the following Gentlemen chosen to compose it:—Mr. Arthur Antagonist, Mr. Andrew Attack, and Mr. Oliver Opposition.

*Resolved*, That the secretary furnish Mr. Hogan with a copy of the proceedings of this meeting, for insertion in the Philadelphia Repository. (Signed)

MISOGAMIST,

Chairman.

Attest.  
PHILO-MISOGAMIST, Sec'y.

TALIO.

#### LYCONIAN SOCIETY.

A stated meeting of the Society will be held on Tuesday evening, July 5th, at their Hall. The chair will be taken precisely at half past 7 o'clock.

The members are desired to be punctual in attending, as business of importance will be transacted.

THOMAS IRWIN, Sec'y.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 33d payment of 25 Cents will be collected by the Carriers, on Saturday next.



THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

THE LUCUBRATION.

NOW all the wearied throng's retir'd to rest,  
Now reigns the silver Moon, with gentle sway...  
Now, Zephyr! fan the sleeping \*\*\*\*\* breast,  
Waft to her ear my unadorned lay.

Cool Zephyr! to her chamber-window fly,  
And gliding in, pass to her bed, mild breeze!  
Say to the beautiful maid, you are a sigh,  
Come from his heart who strives to please:

Tell her, how pure's the love which in me burns;  
Say, to resist its power I vainly strove;  
Say, peace to my bosom never more returns,  
Unless she smiles, and gives me love for love:

Say, cheerless lives the wretch who has confest  
His love for her, in whom no pity's found;  
(But he whose love's return'd, oh Heav'n! how blest,  
His fair one's smiles soon ease and cure his wound):

Say, if she was but kind as she is fair,  
If she would listen to the voice of love,  
By constancy and each fond little care,  
Selwyn, to her, his love sincere would prove.

SELWYN.

PHILADELPHIA,

JULY 2, 1803.

LITERARY FAIR.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 25, 1803.

AT a special meeting of the American Company of Booksellers, it was moved, and carried in the affirmative, that the following resolution be published:—

RESOLVED, That this Company, at its next meeting, in June 1804, will bestow five medals in the manner, and under the conditions following, viz.

1. For any volume, of at least 100 pages, which shall be determined by a committee to be appointed for that purpose, to be the most elegant specimen of printing produced to the Company, and executed with American types and on paper—a gold medal.

2. For the next in point of elegance—a large silver medal.

3. For the third,—a smaller silver medal.

[When the merit of execution is equal, a large work will be considered as entitled to preference over a small one.]

4. For the most elegant specimen of bookbinding, executed with American materials, (gold leaf excepted) a large silver medal.

5. For the next, a smaller silver medal.

Signed by order,

MATHEW CAREY, President.

HUDSON, JUNE 21.

CURIOSITY.

THIS city is supplied with water from a fountain about two miles distant, by means of an aqueduct. For several weeks the pipes in the lower end of Warren-street, had been almost completely dry, while in every other part of the city, the water ran with its usual force. This led to an examination of the main conduit pipe, (formed of logs) when it was discovered, that the roots of a willow tree, had found their way from thence, had

proceeded to the main pipe, where they had grown and increased to such an immense number of fine fibres, that the bore of the main log, for about 20 feet, was filled up. On further examination, it was also found that the private pipe, from whence the roots had proceeded, was full of roots for the same or a greater distance, making in the whole, about 40 feet!

The separate roots were not larger than common wire, but were so closely and firmly matted together, as to form a mass almost solid.

Cure for the bite of a Mad Dog, or sting of any poisonous Serpent.

COVER the wound with fresh earth, or snuff, to imbibe the salive of the animal, and then wash it with water; at the same time warm half a pound of butter in four times as much vinegar, and when the wound is cleansed, apply a compress of linen steeped in the above mixture, and moisten it very often for nine days, after which you may remove the compress, and cure the wound in the usual way. During the time the vinegar is used externally, it must be used internally, by taking it in doses of an ounce and a half, warmed with a little fresh butter, four times each day. The patient's common drink must be water, for at least fifteen days, or water with vinegar or juice of citron. He must abstain from the use of ardent spirits, or exercise, to prevent irritability.

A Case of Distress.—On Saturday the 25th ult. John Ballantine, a house carpenter, while employed on the roof of a three story building in Fifth near South street, unfortunately fell from his scaffold to the ground, and died instantly.

Mr. Ballantine was a young man, courteous, sober and industrious; much noticed and deservedly esteemed. He was, moreover a married man, and had 2 children, the blooming nurslings of his love, and indefatigable care; yet too young to know it, and feel what they have lost in their best friend and father.—With these a beloved wife, now advanced in pregnancy, and an aged mother ate of his bread, and shared his divided fondness. But now their common stock of happiness is destroyed, their only source of comfort dried up,—all hopes extinguished, and the sluices of sorrow opened upon them.

It is earnestly hoped that some gentleman of respectability will promote a subscription in behalf of this unhappy family, among the humane and wealthy; for we firmly believe, that no generous and feeling man would hesitate to contribute a mite towards mitigating a case of distress accompanied by the most moving considerations, the wiping a tear from the sorrowing widow's eye,—soothing the anguish of heart-broken age,—and quelling the piteous and importunate cries of miserable orphans, infant man.

[Extract from Relf's Gaz.

Marriages.

MARRIED, at Wilmington, (Del.) the 13th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Reed, Mr. Jacob Reese, merchant, of this city, to Miss L. James, of Wilmington, daughter of the late Major James.

—, on the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. J. B. Linn, Mr. Edward Roberts, to Miss Margaret Taggart, both of this city.

—, same day, at Mountholly, (Jer.) Mr. Dillaplain Ridgway, of this city, to the amiable Miss Dolly Read, of Mountholly.

Deaths.

DIED, at Charleston, (S. C.) on the 11th ult. in the 47th year of her age. Mrs. Susanna Bullock Bee, the amiable consort of Judge Bee.

—, on the 21st ult. after a lingering illness, Mr. John Andrews Philip Lewis, aged 50; for many years a respectable clerk in the office of the prothonotary of Philadelphia county—he has left a widow and several small children to lament his death.

—, on the morning of 27th ult. in the 18th year of his age, at his father's county seat, Joseph Wharton, jun. eldest son of Charles Wharton.

—, at Falmouth, Barnstable county, (Mass.) on the 7th ult. Mrs. Elizabeth Chadwick, aged 101 years and 3 months. Mrs. C. had been in the practice of midwifery in that town upwards of 70 years.

—, lately, in the 73d year of his age, Mr. Thomas Tyllier, a respectable inhabitant of this city.

—, at Burlington, on the 23d ult. after a few days illness, John Ross Smith, son of Sarah Smith, of this city, in the 16th year of his age.—“Just as the spring of life and manly virtues began to bloom!”

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A Correspondent informs the editor, that it is the practice of a number of young ladies to assemble in large groupes on the banks of a certain river about two miles due west of a certain great city, (situated in 39d. 57m. north latitude, and 75d. 9m. west longitude) there to amuse themselves and debase their modesty, by viewing the gentlemen bathing; and that last Sunday morning, he observed near a hundred [this we think greatly exaggerated] of these females, apparently respectable and genteel, so employed, which excited in him feelings mortifying and disgusting. Now, tho' it is morally certain, that bathing forms no part of the proper exercise of a day, devoted, under the high authority of Heaven, to the worship of the Supreme Being; yet is is equally true, that the practice above alluded to is an outrage upon the modesty of the sex.—And we do counsel and advise the young ladies of Philadelphia, (who have been always famed for virtue and modesty, any thing said or written by *Misogamist*, *Philo-Misogamist*, with all their attendant *et ceteras*, to the contrary notwithstanding) immediately to assemble, and appoint a committee of inquiry, to ascertain whether said report be true, and to denounce the names, and places of abode of the delinquents; or otherwise to clear their characters from so foul an aspersion,—as the case may to them appear.

*The Ladies Friend*, No. 1. and “*A Young Lady's*” address to the Gentlemen of Philadelphia, shall appear in our next.

The observations of *Philadelphus*, in the 5th No. of the *Contemplator*, are abundantly confirmed by experience, and give the true reason why so many have flagged, and finally failed in conducting a series of periodical papers.—His invitation certainly claims the attention of correspondents.

*Henry*, a Fragment, cannot be admitted without considerable corrections.—In many lines the accent falls on the wrong word, and in some places there is an unhappy tautology in the language.

The intention of *S. L. S.* meets the editor's warmest approbation; but, upon a review of the communication, he wishes an interview with the writer, previous to its publication.

Several replies to *Philo-Misogamist* have been received, besides those published in this day's Repository. They contain little diversity of sentiment, and would afford but small satisfaction to the reader.

*Wrongs of Women* is an unqualified and unjustifiable abuse of the sex.

*Verses on Avarice*.—Verses inscribed to Miss Mary B\*\*\*,—and several lesser communications are received.

# TEMPLE of the MUSES.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

## A CONSOLATORY ADDRESS TO SELWYN.

AND hast thou, Selwyn, lost thy "Mary dear?"  
Has she apostatiz'd, and learnt to sneer?  
Heed not the faithless girl, nor strive in vain,  
The favours of inconstancy to gain;  
"Let cool indifference heal thy troubled breast,"  
And lull thy aching anxious heart to rest.  
Unworthy of thy care, has MARY prov'd,  
Unworthy now, to be by thee lov'd;  
Return her cold neglect, with colder still,  
And of thy scorn let MARY have her fill:  
Thus strive to act the man, and scorn despair,  
Nor fall an early victim to the fair.  
SELWYN,—unhappy SELWYN's not alone,  
Others have suff' red scorn for homage done  
At faithless MARY's shrine; ah! faithless name!  
When ten long years had blown the trump of fame,  
Of COLIN's fame, in MARY's list'ning ear,  
While COLIN woo'd, and MARY prov'd sincere;  
Ten thousand times, her ruby lips were prest,  
As oft was COLIN clasp'd to MARY's breast;  
Reciprocally, in love's soothing lore,  
Their plighted vows were oft repeated o'er;  
And on heav'n's records still the vows must stand,  
With which she pledg'd in faith her heart and hand  
To be for ever his, and his alone;  
Flesh of his flesh, and bone of Colin's bone:  
Yet absence, (that dread foe to lovers' peace,  
The foster parent of unfaithfulness,)  
Soon wrought a change in faithless Mary's mind,  
And Mary prov'd inconstant as the wind.  
What then? think ye *one* trifling, faithless fair,  
Could drive the injur'd COLIN to despair?  
Not so, in truth; COLIN bid reason guide,  
And scorn'd the faithless fair with manly pride:  
He knew, the girl that could act such a part,  
Was undeserving of his hand and heart;  
And bless'd his better stars for having shed  
Their light, to shew her faithlessness, ere wed.  
He also knew the ancient adage true,  
Which says, "the loss of one's the gain of two;  
"And, that it gives the choice of twenty more,"  
Or, if he please, the choice of twenty score.  
Thus Colin reason'd well, nor e'er repin'd,  
And calmly sought another fair to find,  
Nor sought in vain;—another soon he found,  
Which all his fondest expectations crown'd:  
Faithful, good-temper'd, modest, meek, and kind;  
Replete with virtue, and with sense refin'd;  
Adorn'd with every grace, that charms, below,  
Or COLIN could desire, or HEAV'N bestow.  
In happy union were their fortunes knit,  
COLIN and NANCY now, in bliss complete,  
Enjoy the boon, which love and truth impart,  
And live enthroned in each others' heart.  
So, may poor SELWYN too, overcome the pain,  
Which now torments his heart and love-sick brain;

Would he, like COLIN, bid a long adieu  
To MARY, and some other fair pursue.  
—Then bid adieu to haughty MARY's scorn,  
Nor longer dream that SELWYN is forlorn.

ANTHONY SYMPATHY.

## SELECTED.

MR. HOGAN,

*I herewith send you a Restorative for the jaundiced eye of your correspondent Misogamist, (it is from Lord Gardenstone's Miscellanies,) if you think it will effect a cure, you are welcome to administer it to him through the medium of your Repository.*

A. D.

## THE CHARACTER OF A WIFE.

A WIFE, you say, is an expensive toy;  
But wanting cost we cannot purchase joy.  
The richest miser must remain in rags  
Unless he condescend to loose his bags;  
The thread-bare bard, a coach who cannot hire,  
Is fain to straddle thro' December's mire;  
And he whose income won't extend to port,  
To the more frugal ale-house must resort.  
Before a doctor takes the pains to kill  
His patient's purse must pay for every pill;  
At church, you know, as well as at the play,  
We cannot have a seat unless we pay.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Wife, you say, destroys domestic ease,  
You cannot then do just whatever you please:  
But, tell me truly, when a fool is drunk,  
And all his senses in the liquor sunk,  
Shall he be suffer'd to disturb the streets,  
And bruise with every vagabond he meets,  
Embrace infection, founder in the mire,  
Or reeling homeward set his house on fire.  
Far better fate attends the happy man  
Who weds a mate as early as he can;  
His faithful spouse his every want attends,  
(One spouse is worth ten thousand bottle friends)  
She flatters, strips and rolls him into bed,  
Then binds a fillet round his aching head;  
She covers carefully each wearied limb,  
For all her wishes centre but in him.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Wife, besides, will bring you girls and boys;  
And though the monkeys make incessant noise,  
Though other children's din you cannot bear,  
Yet theirs, believe me, won't annoy your ear.  
None but an actual father ever knows  
With what fond joy a father's heart o'erflows  
To see a Lilliput frisk up and down,  
When every look reminds him of his own,  
Or her's, who in the summer days of youth  
Taught him the charms of tenderness and truth.

And are you sick?—'Tis then her actions prove  
(No words can paint) the frenzy of her love;  
'Tis then the grandeur of her soul shines forth,  
Then first you learn the vastness of her worth.  
Your kindest comrades in attendance fail,  
(For all must weary of a sick man's tale);  
But night and day she still is at your side,  
More soft more charming far than when a bride:

For tho' corroding cares her bloom destroy,  
Her generous love excites superior joy;  
She watches every motion of your eye,  
Your ev'ry want impatient to supply;  
Affected smiles conceal her inward care,  
Hopeless herself, yet checking your despair;  
While oft in spite of all her female art,  
A sigh escaping cuts you to the heart.  
How cold mere Friendship when compar'd to this;  
Without such women, what were human bliss?

And should, as it may happen, Fortune frown,  
And from the height of greatness hurl you down—  
When every friend, as usual, turns his back,  
And your soul lingers on the mental rack;  
When every insult must be coolly borne,  
The pedant's pity, and the rival's scorn;  
When those you trusted their connexions change,  
And those who hate you give resentment range:  
When every look, wherever you shew your head,  
Is sure to make you feel "your kingdom's fled;"  
When sordid prudence stiffens every face,  
And every tongue exults in your disgrace....  
At such a time,—does female friendship fail?—  
No! she herself attends you to the jail.  
Such friendship cheaply with a world were bought;  
Her bosom just admits one single thought,  
Your peace of mind she breathes but to pursue,  
Nor dreads a dungeon to be shar'd with you.

She too, when death arrives to your relief,  
Shall watch its progress with the purest grief;  
Perform each duty that distress can crave,  
And with fond tears bedew her husband's grave;  
And still with you her tender mem'ry teems,  
Still your lov'd image haunts her broken dreams,  
And blasts each phantom of returning peace,  
'Till Heav'n in pity gives her own release.

Such are the sex we modestly despise—  
And such the fools whom every fool decries.

To this you answer, with a scornful smile,  
That common sense adopts a colder style;  
That many a wife turns out so very bad,  
As soon to drive the tamest partner mad.  
The scrub who bargains for a mass of gold,  
May catch no doubt a slattern or a scold;  
The brute whose passion is but rank desire,  
May feel ten days exhaust his carnal fire;  
The fool who marries for the sake of wit,  
Is sure to find him self severely bit;  
And he who seeks a spouse of noble blood,  
Must bear with patience lectures long and loud;  
But men of sense, with reason, hope to find  
A graceful person, with a modest mind;  
Whose various charms we ever must admire.  
At once the choice of wisdom and desire.  
And for mere merit, if you search around,  
Relieve me that is always to be found:  
The surest rules for choosing such a mate  
Would furnish topics for a fine debate....  
But lest the spirit of the verse expire,  
Your preacher for the present shall retire.

NOTE.

No passage in any writer can be more instructive or interesting than the fall of the Duke of Sully, as described by himself.